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**Jimmy Carter**

**TIME: Saturday, September 10th — 2 P.M. till ?**

**PLACE: Washington Park**

# CRACKED

THE  
WORLD'S  
HUMOREST  
FUNNY  
MAGAZINE

OCTOBER 1980

No. 172



WHAT'S UP FRONT  
OUR COVER

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BILL SPROUL, editor  
JOE CATALANO, contributing editor

GEORGE GLADIR, LEO DAVESON,  
PAUL LAIKIN, ANDY TAMBERLI,  
LOUISE LUGER, JOHN WILLIAMS,  
CHARLES BROWN, RANDY PILEY,  
STEVE DORABA, ELAINE OZIMOK, writers  
JOHN SEVERIN, SURURI GUMEN,  
SAMUEL WHITEHEAD, BILL WARD,  
WARREN SATTLER, DON OREHEK,  
HOWARD NOSTRAND, JOHN LANGTON,  
CATHERINE SEVERIN, artists  
RITA RICILIA, pratt rita  
SYLVESTER P. SMYTHE, junior

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VALUABLE  
FREE**

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ON!**

**SEE  
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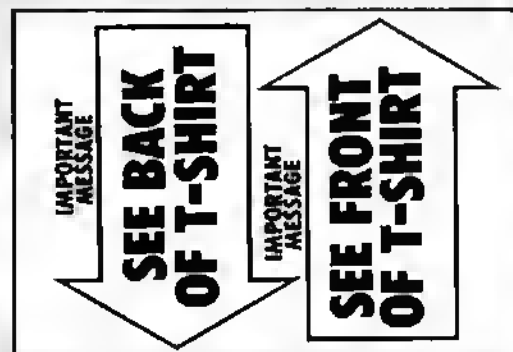
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TAKE OFF on the Dukes of Hazard  
vs. Chips, looks like somebody got  
the wrong idea!



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# LETTUCE from our Readers



ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO CRACKED LETTUCE, 235 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, N.Y., N.Y. 10003

Dear CRACKED,

Well, all right!! Thanks for bringing back the Talking Blob in KING ARTHUR AND THE KNIGHTS OF THE RESERVED TABLE. I'd love to meet him some day

Gloria Tortalini  
Heighstown, N.J.

Dear Gloria,

And we're sure he'd love to meet you too. He loves Italians—especially with tomato sauce and parmesan cheese!

Dear CRACKED,

By mistake last month, I sent the check for my electric bill to you and a funny letter I had written for CRACKED to my electric company. Do you recall the incident?

Esther Shalluck  
Madison, Wisconsin

Dear Esther,

Yup. And we're sure your electric company had a great time reading the funny letter you intended for us. We know WE had a great time spending the money intended for them!

Dear CRACKED,

IDIOTIC IDIOMS really lived up to its name

Larry Twain  
Little Rock, Ark.

Dear Larry,

Thanks. And as long as we're talking about names, say hello to your sister Frank for us.

Dear CRACKED,

How come if ARNOLD WERE A REAL LIFE KID was so short?

Bill Paseka  
Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Bill,

If you think we're gonna answer, "because of his lack of height," forget it!

Dear CRACKED,

You forgot one important COMPANY MERGER OF THE FUTURE in CRACKED #171. Know what you'd get if you combine GM with the Hanes Stocking people?

Janet Perchak  
Havana, Ill.

Dear Janet,  
Cars that run?

Dear CRACKED,

CRACKED INTERVIEWS THE INFLATION BEATING KING was one of your best interviews in a long time which leads me to ask if CRACKED is doing any cutting back of its own during this mild recession?

David Gray  
Cleveland, Oh.

Dear David,

No. We're still cramming the same high number of laughs into every issue.

Dear CRACKED,

How come you do so few satires of NBC shows?

Thomas T. Buehner  
New Haven, Conn.

Dear Thomas,

They never seem to stay on the air long enough for us to pick on.



Dear CRACKED,

I guess I must be more out of shape than I thought. By the third page of THE CRACKED BOOK OF RUNNING, I was completely out of breath.

Joshua Latham  
Falls Church, Va.

Dear Joshua,

Why didn't you just consult THE MEDICINE MAN in the same issue. He would have fixed you up.



Dear CRACKED,

I think I lived up to the "I'M A PERFECT 10—WHAT'S YOUR IQ?" iron-on. After following the instructions carefully, I discovered I had put the thing on upside down.

Heather Leite  
Omaha, Neb.

Dear Heather,

So? Whenever you wear the shirt, just walk around on your hands and no one will ever notice.





Dear CRACKED,

I was in New York recently and was surprised not to see any original Severin drawings in the Museum of Modern Art.  
George Tanket  
Chicago, IL

Dear George,

Did you check the graffiti in the rest room?

Dear CRACKED,

Besides putting out a funny magazine, NEW DETECTORS OF THE FUTURE proves that you could also make a bundle designing and selling detectors as well. For an "Uninvited Guests Detector" I'd send you a fortune!

Cathy Davis  
Uxbridge, Ont.

Dear Cathy,

Our latest "Fortune Finder Detector" has disclosed that you don't even have a fortune to send. What are you trying to pull here?!



Dear CRACKED,

Yesterday, I was invited to a birthday party and by the 3rd hour things were starting to get pretty dull. Well, I had a couple of copies of CRACKED in the car with me, so I went out and got them. Need I tell you what happened to the party then?

Jonathan Zavara  
Gettysburg, Pa.

Dear Jonathan,

Nope. Everybody probably grabbed for the pages of your CRACKED'S, wrapped up the leftover food in it and went home.

Dear CRACKED,

Can you guys figure out this joke? What did the man say after he wolted down his six cylinder engine for dinner?

Warren Kellogg  
Richmond, Va.

Dear Warren,

I could have had a V-8!



Dear CRACKED,

For a mother, what's the best gift a 10-year-old can get?

Bobby Mengel  
Louisville, Ky

Dear Bob,

How about lost?

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**NEXT ISSUE—CRACKED #173  
ON SALE AT YOUR  
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AUGUST 12th**



It was a typical morning in *Hazzardous County*. The birds were chirpin', the moonshine was brewin' and Boo and Cuke Dork was bein' chased by the local police. Well, after about twenty minutes of this, the boys decided to drop out for a spell and pull into one of their favorite spots, "The Tuckered Possum" to get somethin' to eat.



That was some mean swerve you made on that last curve, Boo.

I know. Good thing this here's a drive-in restaurant.



Table for two, sir?

Drive this way, please.

Right.



Here ya go, sugar.

You sure this is what we ordered—a California Burger?

Double yup, honey. That's a regular burger with ketchup wrapped in a bathing suit 'stead of a bun.



Cuke, I'm no food Dinosaur.

You mean connoisseur.

but somehow I don't think this is how they make a California Burger in Los Angeles.

Well, look. We ain't got nothin' better to do today. Why don't we just drive on over thar and check it out for ourselves. It's only 2600 miles.

Good idea.



And so our boys hopped into the ole General Flee and took off for that place they call L.A., tokin' in a few of the sights, like the Grand Canyon, as they rode along.

This here's the biggest ditch I done ever seen. I still don't see o place to drive out.

Well, I told you to go 'round it, 'stead of tryin' to jump 'cross as o shortcut, but no you wouldn't listen to me.



But despite Boo's misjudgment in jumpin' the great ditch, they were soon in L.A., the **cousins** first **look-see** ever at a big city.

Wow! Look at that Cuke! Them are the **biggest** **authouses** I ever seen.

And lookee over there.

A **drive-in** bank and a **drive-in** loundramat. A **drive-in** disco. A **drive-in** Orthodontist! This looks like our type of city, cousin.

And over there's a **drive-in** food place featurin' **real California** Burgers. Let's go.

Here's your **two burgers**.

See, I told ya they don't make 'em with **bathin' suits**!

Was there anything **else** on that order?

Yeoh. You forgot our **side order** of chips.

Right.

What the...

Now **calm down**. You guys didn't do anything **wrong**. The only reason we made our **entrance** this way, was so we could come up with a **catchy title** for this next **CRACKED** satire, like

# THE DORKS OF HAZZARDOUS WITH CHIPPS TO GO

Actually, we saw you coming into town and wanted to **check** you out.

You guys **check** out **every** car that pulls into L.A.?

Only the ones being **driven** by guys who **Punch** feels are as **cute** as him and might **muscle** in on his women.

Which girls in L.A. you goin' out with at the moment?

All of 'em.

Who are you guys anyway?

We're **Darks**.

Yeah, I could tell that, but **what's** your names?

I'm **Boo Dork** from **Hazzardous County** and this is my causin **Cuke**.

Attention **Unit 53**. **Wire Hanger Boutique** robbery in progress on **Ventura Freeway**. Get over there at once.

Hey, nice to have met you, but we gotta split.

Well here good buddy. You guys can split this check.

Punch we oin't gain' anywhere.

A flat! Great!

Hey, look. We could give you a **ride** over there.

That's highly **Irregular**. Besides, you guys know **nothing** about the law.

Like heck! Back in **Hazzardous** we get **chased** by **it** every day.

You know, I bet they could help, and besides.

Boo, look how **straight** **Punch** and **Yown** stand.

That's cause they oin't **cracked** like the **cops** in **Hazzardous**.

If we leave 'em here **alone**, that **blond Dork's** liable to **steal** the **chick** I was **plannin'** to go out with between **10** and **10:15** tonight.

(CRACKED is a frightened one that is filled with dread)



The **Ventura Freeway** is right up over there.

Whoooh!! Look at the **size** of this **road**, Cuke. It's even bigger than **Turkey Buzzard Boulevard** back in **Hazzardous**.

How **big's** that?

They went all out and just **widened it to one lane**.

Heavy stuff.

There's the **Wire Hanger Boutique**.

Think we're too **late**?

What do you think that **guy** is doing **chasing** that **girl**?

Heck, back in **Hazzardous** we coll that **courtin'** and **sparkin'**.

You can pull in over there...right over... Pull in... Stop!... Stop!

THUMP!

I got 'im **Boo**.

SKREEE!

That **arrest** was a bit **unconventional** for **L.A.** We usually **get out of the car** and **walk up** to our suspects when **nabbing** them.

Walk? What's that?

How can I ever **thank** you?

You!! Heck, I'm **cuter**. I got **blond** hair.

So, I've got a **bigger** smile.

You can **thank** him by **goin' out** with me.

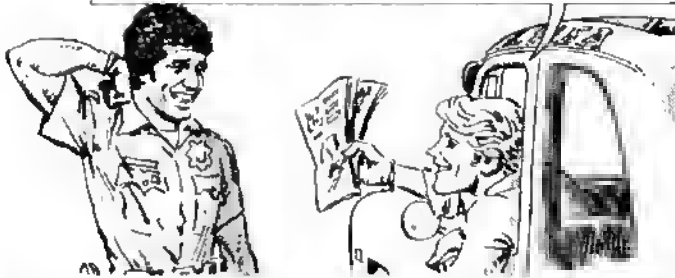
I **noticed** that. You're the only one I know who **shows off** all **32** of his **teeth** even when he **cries**.

And I've got **muscles** too.

So, I was on the **covers** of both **Tiger Beat** and **16** last month.

And I was **right there** besides you and also made the **covers** of the **Star** and **Inquirer** to boot.

That was only because you had that **motorcycle accident**. Who wants to go out with a **broken** celebrity anyway.



Do you **Dorlene**, honey?... Hey! Where'd she go?

She couldn't take your **arguing** and decided instead to **drop charges** and **dote** the guy who robbed her.



Well, at least she knows he'll have enough **money** to **pay** for **dinner**.

Hey, **Yawn**. There's a **coil** coming **through** for you on our **C.B.**

Thanks. I **left** your **number** with **head-quarters**.

**Oil truck hijacking** near Exit 33. Hijacker dressed in **brass outfit** and has **light bulbs** for eyes.

That's the same **M.O.** as those **other oil** hijackings.

What's **M.O.**?

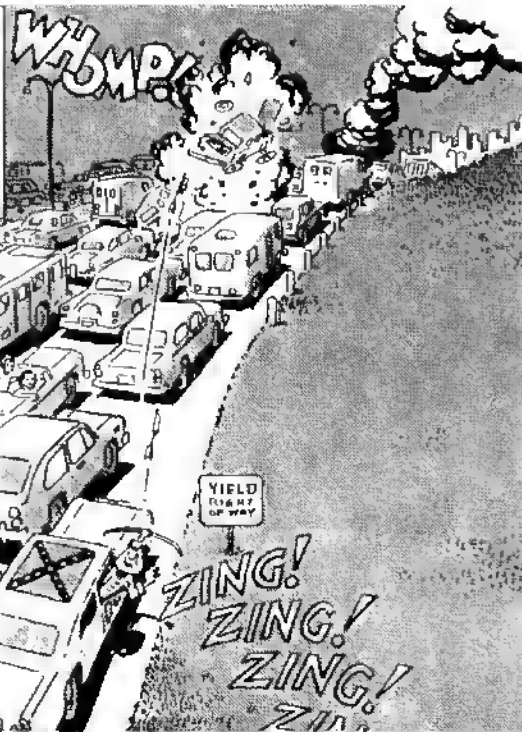
Don't be such a **hick**, Cuke. That's the **stuff** Uncle Jester gives us to **clean out** our **inside plumbin'** after we've had too much to eat.



Oh, right.

Well, let's go.

Hold it. There's **traffic** and it look like it's **backed up** for a **mile**. Darn! If we had our **bikes**, we coulda just rode right through.



Hey, wait! You **can't** do **that**.

Sure I can. You just **load** the **arrow** and **pull back** on the **bow**.

So? We'll just **clear** a **path** like we do back in **Hozzardous**. **Cuke**, you're on.



We'll **talk** about that **weapon** later. Right now, **there's** the **oil truck**. Don't let 'em get away.

Time to do some of your **fancy driving**, Boo.

You're a regular **pro** at this.

Back home this is how we **help our-**selves to **Bossy Blab's** illegal **moon-**shine that he has **shipped** out of the **state**.

All we gotta do now is **lower** ourselves into the **cab**.

What the...

It's that little **brass guy** from the **movies**.

You have the right to remain silent and to...

Now come on, **Apprehend** them.

Watch it Cuke. That's **my leg** you're **twistin'**.

What the heck you **readin'** to him for, Punch. We wanna **arrest** him — not **entertain** him.

Errry Yawn.

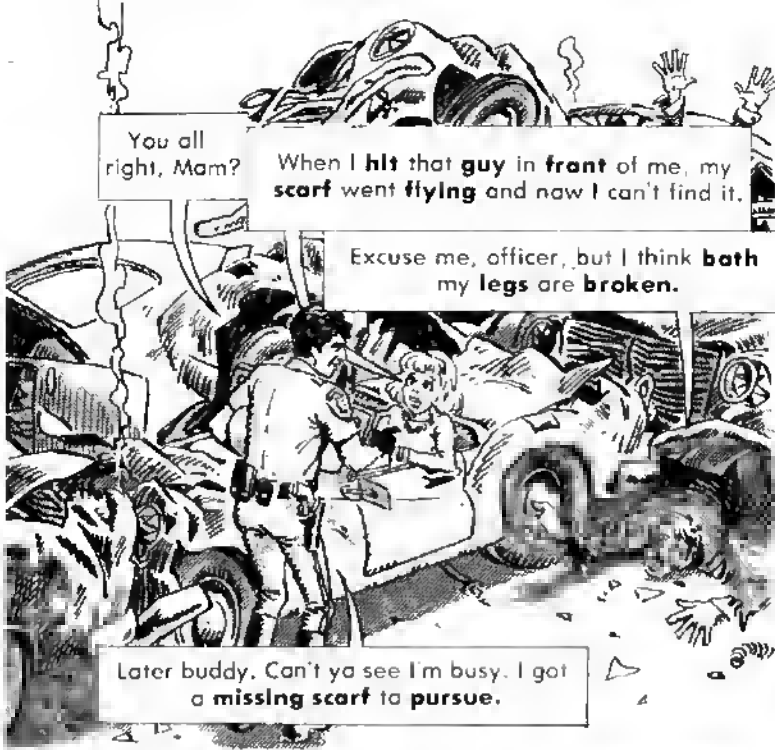
Well, we **did** it.

You certainly did.

This never happened during our **pursuits** in **Hazzardous**, but then we're usually the **only car** on the **road**.

I'd better **attend** to the **Injured**.





You all right, Mam?

When I **hit** that **guy** in **front** of me, my **scarf** went **flying** and now I can't find it.

Excuse me, officer, but I think **both** my **legs** are **broken**.

Later buddy. Can't ya see I'm busy. I got a **missing scarf** to **pursue**.



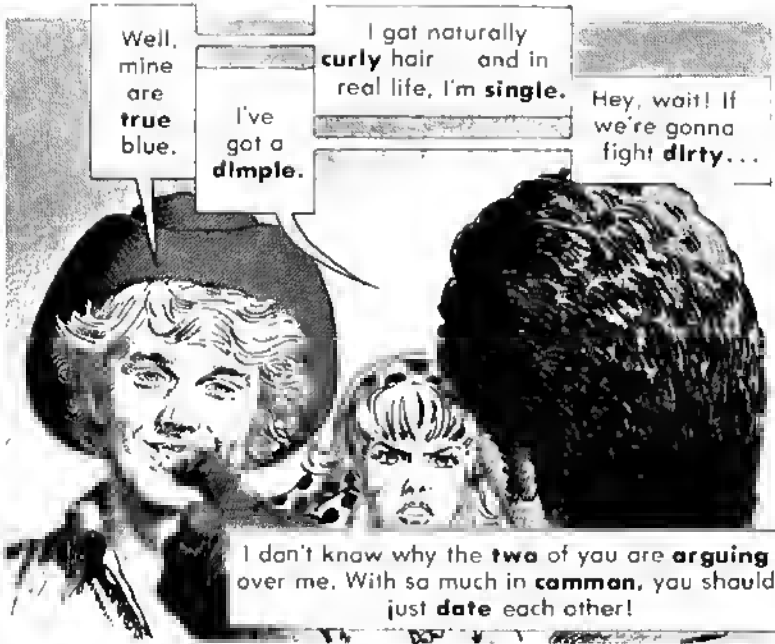
This it?

Yours are **brawn**.

Why thank you. Gee, your **eyes** are **blue**.

So are mine.

Well, they would have been **blue** had my mather married **Mr. Snord-gaffer** instead of my **father**.



Well, mine are **true blue**.

I've got a **dimple**.

I got naturally **curly hair** and in real life, I'm **single**.

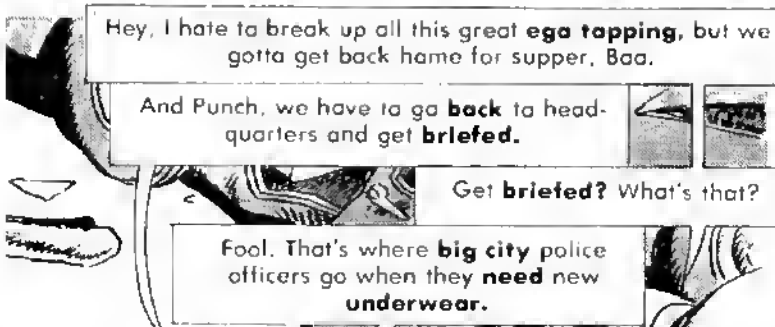
Hey, wait! If we're gonna fight **dirty**...

I don't know why the **two** of you are **arguing** over me. With so much in **common**, you should just **date** each other!



Look, we gotta work somethin' out. Since you arrived, I haven't gotten to **first base** with one **girl**.

You wanna play **ball** with them? And you call me a **hick**!

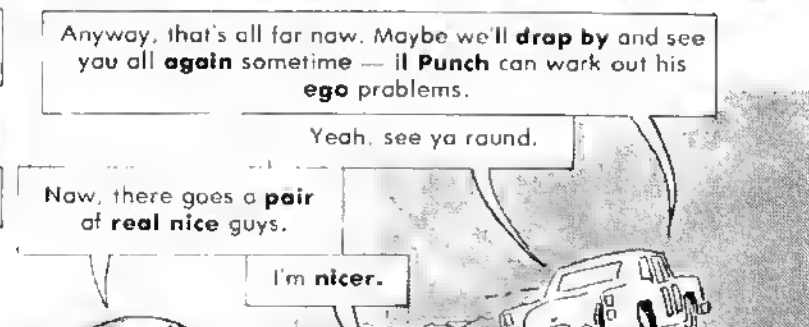


Hey, I hate to break up all this great **ega tapping**, but we gotta get back home for supper, **Baa**.

And **Punch**, we have to go **back** to head-quarters and get **briefed**.

Get **briefed**? What's that?

Fool. That's where **big city** police officers go when they **need** new **underwear**.



Anyway, that's all for now. Maybe we'll **drop by** and see you all **again** sometime — if **Punch** can work out his **ego** problems.

Yeah, see ya round.

Now, there goes a **pair** of **real nice** guys.

I'm **nicer**.



Oh.



Punch!

Sorry.

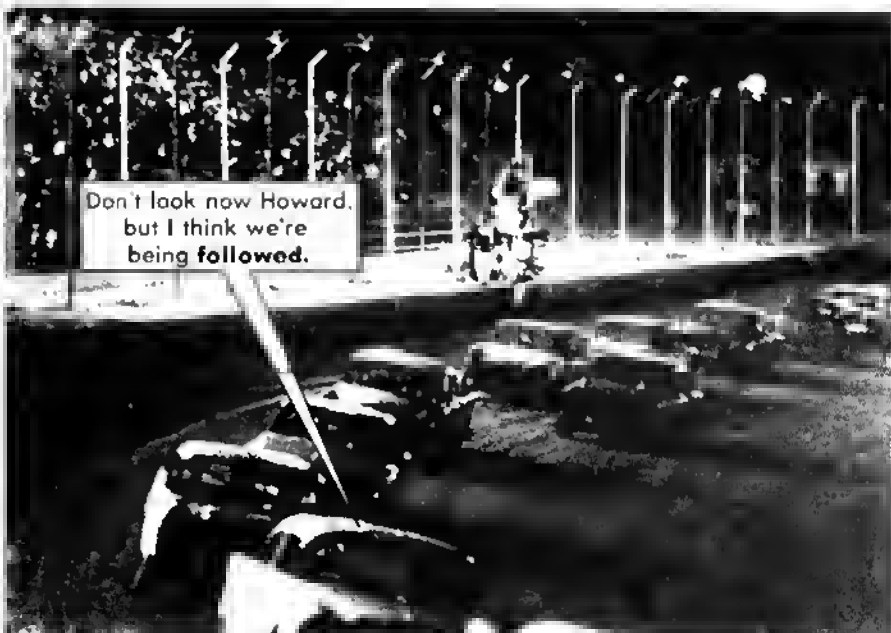
**TH'END**

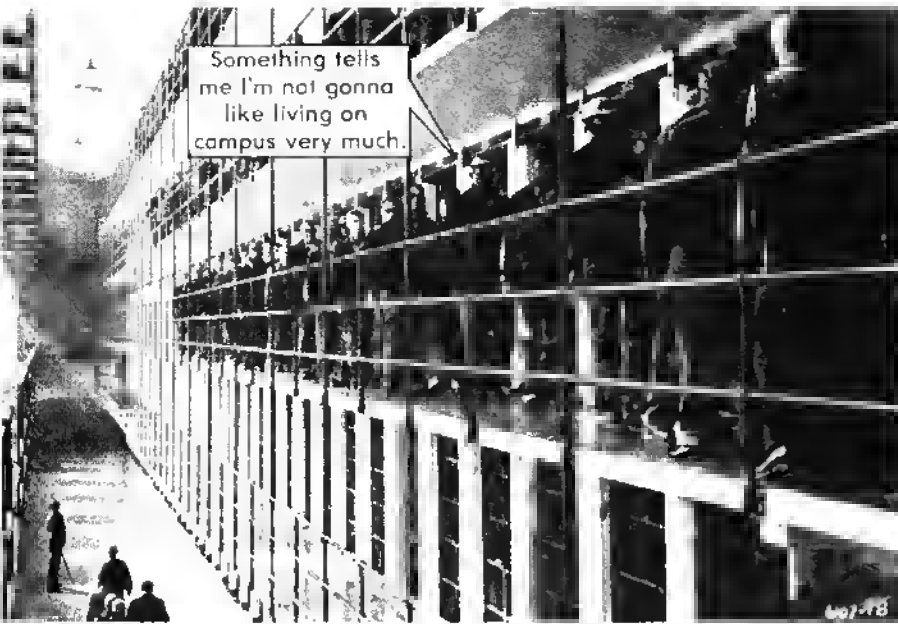


ABSOLUTELY, UNQUESTIONABLY, POSITIVELY,  
UNDENIABLY, THE VERY, VERY, LAST OF


# THE CRACKED LENS








Something tells me I'm not gonna like living on campus very much.




I'll sure be glad when we get the **washer** and **dryer** fixed.




Just because you bite your **own** nails, doesn't mean you can bite **mine**!



All right! You win! You'll **get** your knot tying merit badge!



This should keep you from biting your nails.



Are you sure you wanna go through with this? I mean there **is** an extra bed in 9-B.



Oh, I see  
you've  
already  
met my  
wife.



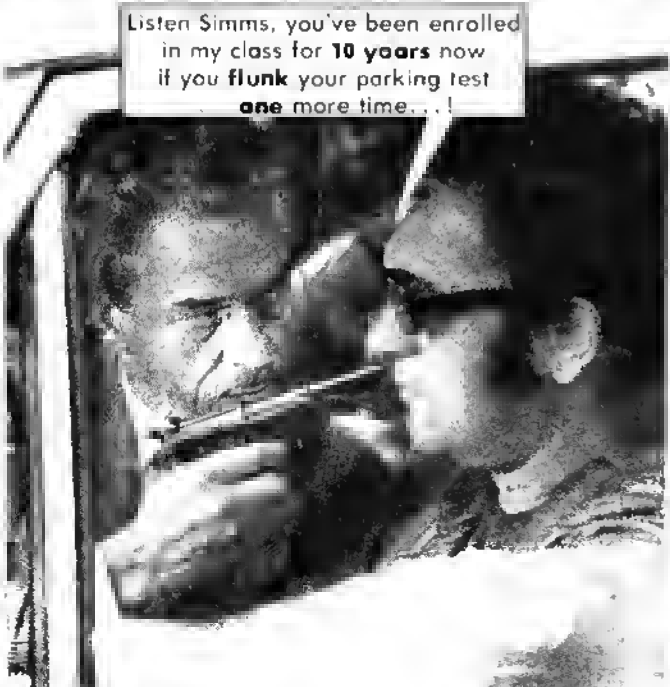
But I don't  
want your hot,  
Mr. Scott.  
I like mine!



Gee po,  
oll I **wanted**  
is my allowance  
before you die.



I said,  
you are  
**standing**  
on my  
foot!



Listen Simms, you've been enrolled  
in my class for **10 years** now  
if you **flunk** your parking test  
**one** more time...



Mrs. Dobbs cloims you called  
her a **dunderhead**. Is that **true**?





Sure the water's **rusty**, honey.  
But just think of all the  
**minerals** and **iron** we'll  
be getting for **free!**



All right, I'll tell you!  
There's more **Yoo Hoo**  
in the **basement!**



Lisa, I thought  
I told you  
**never** to call  
me at work!

Darn you Wilhelm!  
When are you gonna  
learn to **drive** a  
**stick shift?**



For years now, women libbers have been mouthing off about how they want to be treated the same as men. Well, as just about any guy can tell you, being a man ain't all that hot. In fact, being male sometimes carries with it some pretty lousy responsibilities. But, if libbers are really serious about all this, then let them start doing the miserable things men have been stuck doing for years. In other words

# IF WOMEN REALLY WANT TO BE TREATED EQUALLY . . .

... Let them go for the car next time you come out of a movie and it's pouring rain!



... Let them have only one tiny corner of an entire department store devoted to female fashions!



... Let them allow male reporters into their locker rooms while they're showering and getting dressed!



... Let them carry the heaviest packages next time you go shopping!



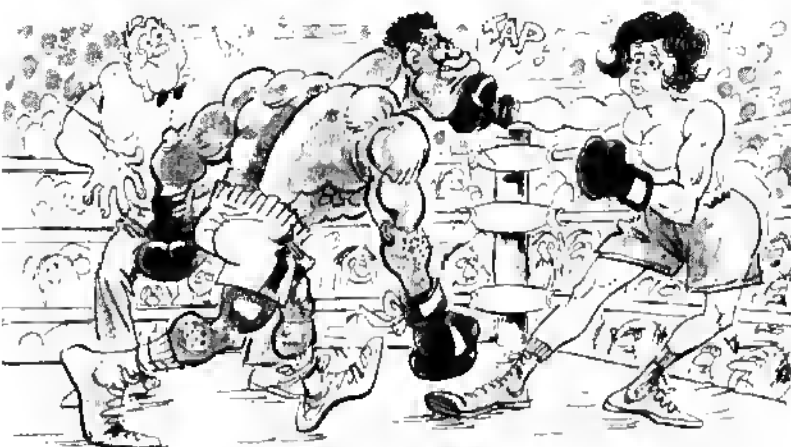
... Let them see how they like the "mandatory jacket and tie rule" in scorching 98 degree restaurants!



... Let them blow half-a-week's salary on a fancy dinner just to make the right impression on a date!



... Let them come up with a boxer that can go ten rounds with Larry Holmes!



... Let them wulk through six of the roughest streets in the city to meke sure a guy gets home sefely to his door!



... Let them get out and fix the fiet!



... Let them stert offering their seats to men on crowded buses!



... Let them get up and check for prowiers next time you heer e strenge noise in the middle of the night!



... Let them ignore the cry of "Women end children first!" next time they're on e sinking ship!



... Let them wait on line for popcorn end miss the first 10 minutes of every movie!



... Let them move the living room furniture whlie the men decide where it looks best!



Evary so oftan, our minds hara go off wandaring. Wa think about world problems, internal affairs and what wa'ra gonna order for tha annual CRACKED picnic and onlon hunt. But sometimes our minds gat raally laid back, and wa begin imagining lifa at its bast as wa start having

I don't believe it! It's a **letter** from **Benny** saying that his college books for this semester were **\$11.82 less** than he figured and he's sending us **back** the change!



Excuse me Mr. **Corkmonger**, but before I start **pumping** your gas I have to **change** the price. It went **down** a **nickle** since last time you were here.



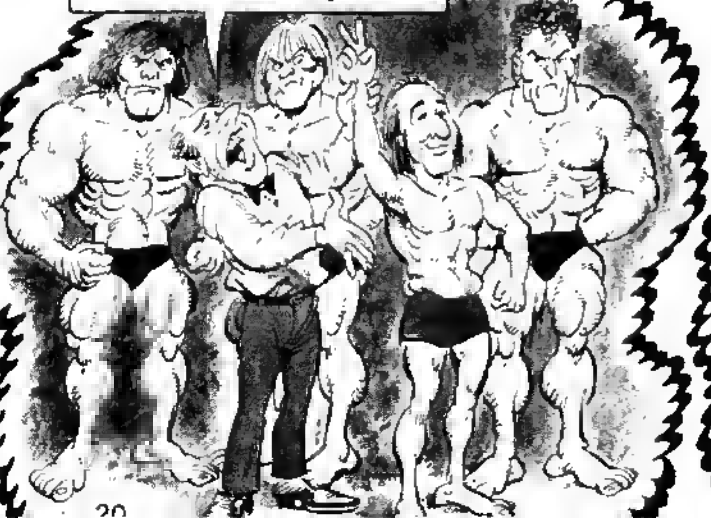
Walter, I'm not **good enough** for a mon as wonderful as you. I want you to **divorce me** and **marry Bo Derek** like she mentioned she wanted to do in a recent T.V. interview.



We've run out of the **\$1.69 Chicken Ala King Special** since you ordered it, but to make it up to you, we'd like to substitute the **2 lb. lobster and steak** for the same price.



The winner!! Mr. **America**  
1980  
**Walter Corkmonger!**



Need a **spot**? I'm going out and there's still **6 hours** left on the meter.





# Cracked Fantasies

We're all out of 10's. Can I give you 2 **hundreds** instead? We've got so many **extra** in the **safe**.



Sorry, Mr. Corkmonger, but it's **not** a **collapsed cesspool** that's giving you all that trouble — there's an **all well** in your backyard.



Excuse me ma'am, but this **letter** to your husband took a **day** too long to get here, so we'd like to **refund** the **56¢** postage to you.



You're in luck, sir. Of the **60,000** suits we stock, the one you've chosen happens to be the **sale suit** on sale today.



Morge! Look at this! The **supermarket** actually **has** the item listed on their **super duper coupon**!!



This is your **Captain** again, and as we make our **final approach**, we'd like to announce that we'll be landing **35 minutes ahead** of schedule.



Al! I have **left** for Saturday's **Rolling Stones** concert. Is that O.K.?



Bobby, we discovered the reason you got the "D" on this **exam** is not because you're a **brainless dork** like we told your dad, but because the teacher **misread** your **paper**. In fact, you're really a **genius** and should have received an **AAA++**.



The **Presidential News Conference** scheduled for this time will be held off until later so that we may bring you **Celebrity Skeet Shooting** as originally scheduled.



We understand you've been having **trouble** with your car's **ashtray**. Well, your 1977 **Flupmobile** is obviously a **lemon**. We'd like to **take it back** and give you a 1981 **modal** instead.



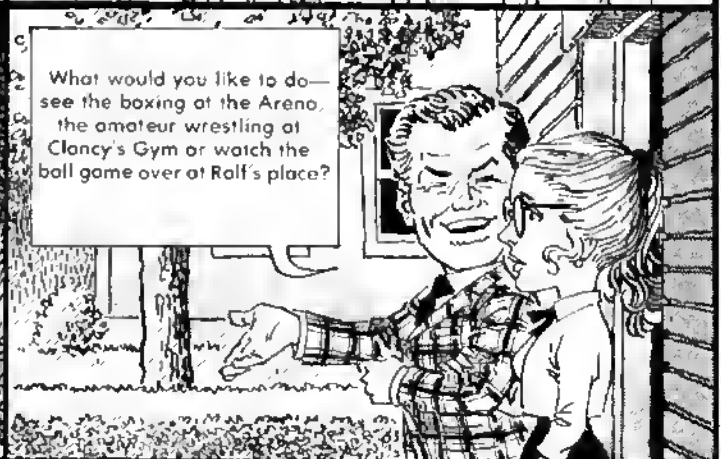
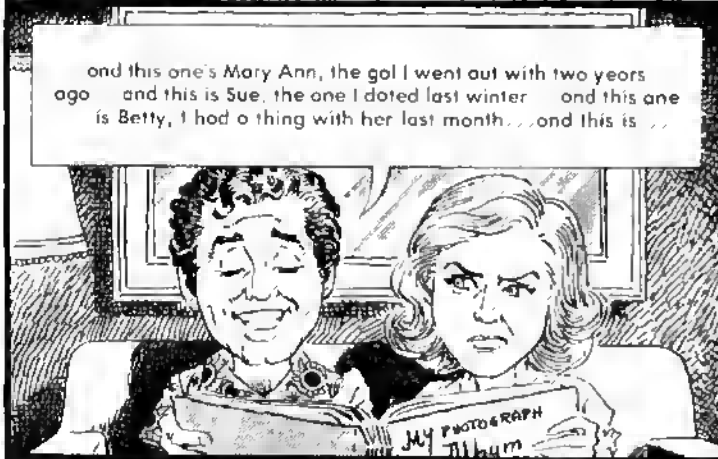
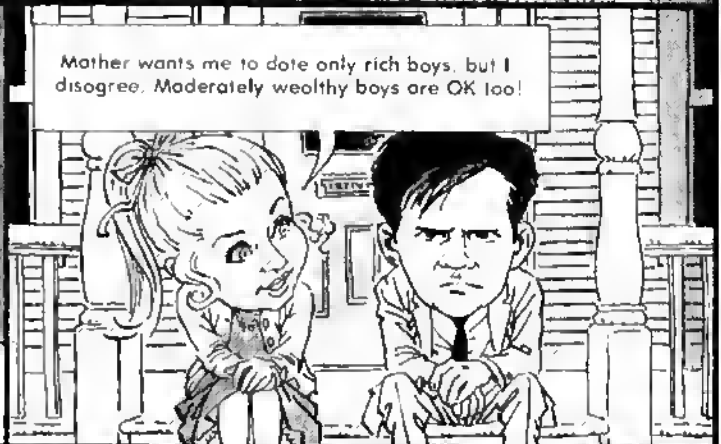
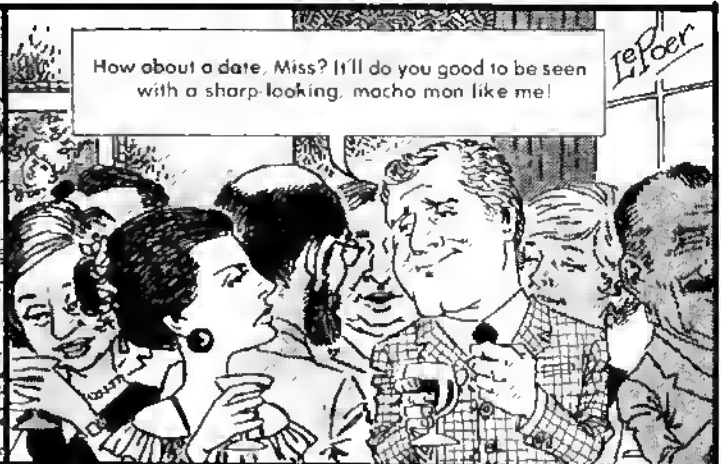
Walter, instead of holding our **annual convention** in Dayton, we're moving it to **Honolulu** and I want **you** to be the company's **sole representative**. In fact, get there **2 weeks early** so you're completely **rested**...and take the **company charge card**...and your **wife**...and **kids**!



And the holiday weather calls for **heavy rains** and **snow** everywhere in the world except **Veronica Lake**.



# YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GET ANYWHERE WITH HIM/HER IF...





Communication involves more than words. Body gestures, facial expressions and eye contact all play a part. And yet, we still have ways to conceal our moods, feelings and reactions. Imagine how open communication would be if others could read your thoughts and know exactly

# WHAT YOU'RE REALLY THINKING

Have you  
like the  
tie Pop!

I like it so much I'll  
put it on top of the  
others I never wear.

A family party wouldn't be the same without  
Uncle Albert playing his accordian!  
Any requests Reggie?

Yeah, can  
I leave?

Can't think of  
anything I'd  
rather be  
doing now.

I can. Like having  
an impacted wisdom  
tooth pulled.

Is this the  
number  
12 bus?

No lady. It's  
the number 13  
doing a great  
impersonation.





For a leisurely change of pace from the hectic articles so far, we thought we'd tie one on and give you the reel lowdown on a piece our competitors wouldn't touch with a ten foot pole.

So wade along with us as

# CRACKED VIS



Not a movie reel, you idiot. A fishing reel!

How's the fishing?

The fishing's great. It's the catching that's lousy!

Why are you fishing with sunglasses on your hook?

I'm trying for sunfish!

Catch anything?

Yes (kerchoo) a terrible cold!

How did you come to fall in the water?

I didn't come to fall in the water. I came to fish!

I just don't have the patience!

You've been watching me fish for over an hour now! How come you don't go fishing yourself?

Are you sure these are fresh water fish?

Certainly! Look at the way they're snapping at us!

# BITS THE OL' FISHING CREEK

Boy, is it crowded here!  
An hour ago I fainted  
and I had to stagger  
around the stream for  
20 minutes before  
I could find a  
place to fall!

Man, this  
water is  
really shallow!

Who ever  
heard of  
smart water?

Say, this  
is a great  
spot for  
rheumatism!

Sure, it's  
where I  
got mine!

Now I can  
tell my wife  
I caught 6  
fish today!

Do you  
have  
your own  
flies?

Just my luck,  
the fish aren't  
biting today...  
but the  
mosquitoes  
are!

WARNING  
I BRAKE  
FOR  
NIGHT  
CRAWLERS

What do I  
look like,  
a garbage  
truck?

You've been  
standing knee-deep  
in this water for  
hours now without  
catching anything!

FISH  
FOR SALE  
\$20<sup>00</sup>-LB

Well,  
it's  
still  
worth  
wading  
far!

They say this  
stream is lausy  
with trout!

Yeah, it's the  
lousiest trout  
I ever did see!

I don't  
like all  
these  
flies!

BRRR! I thought  
you said the  
temperature here  
is usually in the 80's!

Right...  
40 in the  
daytime  
and 40 at  
night!

Well, just  
pick out  
the ones  
you like  
and I'll  
kill all  
the rest!

Are the  
fish  
biting  
today?

Nope!  
Haven't  
been  
bitten  
by one  
so far!



Politicians always seem to be defending themselves against charges made about them by their opponents. In fact, they put in so much effort making denials and excuses that they don't have time to do what they're supposed to do: represent the people effectively.

So, in order to help them find more time to do their jobs and still reply to accusations made by the opposition, we patriotically present

# **CRACKED'S ALL-PURPOSE, TIME-SAVING "DENIAL OF CHARGES" SPEECH FOR POLITICIANS**

(including alternate wording that can be used by the honest ones)

(choose one)



My

I wish to speak to you

about a matter

It recently came  
to my attention

that I have been accused of

Under ordinary circumstances  
I would not bother to

However, I feel that you,  
the voting public

I must say, though,  
I am not surprised

friends  
fellow citizens  
dear neighbors  
wonderful constituents  
skeptical listeners

as a true patriot  
as a loyal American  
as someone who loves truth  
more in sorrow than in anger  
as a guy who's worried sick

of grave concern to all honest men and women  
that is more important than mere politics  
that must be dealt with openly and candidly  
that has far-reaching significance for us all  
that's keeping me up nights

when I read it in the papers  
when a supporter wrote me  
when I heard some rumors  
when I received an anonymous phone call  
when my campaign manager suddenly  
became hysterical

taking graft  
stealing government funds  
having affairs with other women  
bribing public officials  
helping my friends get juicy state  
contracts  
belonging to a spy ring  
secretly contributing to a group  
that plans to take over our country  
plotting to destroy labor unions or  
capitalism  
condemning motherhood, religion and  
apple pie  
all of the above, and a lot more, too

reply to such base slander  
take time from my pressing duties to  
answer these lies  
dignify such a dirty smear by even  
acknowledging it  
engage in name-calling with these  
nasty character assassins  
blow my top just because someone  
found out my secret

have a right to know the facts  
are as insulted by this lie as I am  
will judge the matter fairly when you  
know all the details  
are being manipulated by evil forces  
might kick me out of office unless I  
make up some excuse in a hurry

that my desperate opponent has begun  
slinging mud  
that the crafty connivers of the other  
party have taken the low road  
that my enemies, sensing defeat, are  
trying everything to stop me  
that this despicable story has been  
publicized right before the election  
that those lousy snoops finally  
discovered the truth







I deny that . . . .

vile . . . . . accusation  
vicious  
untounded  
disgusting  
embarrassing

categorically  
unequivocally  
wholeheartedly  
forthrightly  
with my fingers  
crossed

The story itself is

pure poppycock  
made of whole cloth  
part of a leftist plot  
a deliberate distortion of my record  
amazingly accurate



I do not believe  
for a moment that



the corrupt politicians who made up this  
story will get away with it  
my constituents would actually believe  
such nonsense  
an informed electorate will be unable  
to understand the issue clearly  
this falsehood will lose me a single vote  
you're going to buy my ridiculous excuse

because my entire  
political career proves

my intense devotion to American ideals  
my refusal to back down from a fight  
my persistence in the face of great odds  
my God-given integrity  
my greed, stupidity and phoniness



Therefore, my friends,  
this beautiful

neighborhood  
ward  
city  
county  
district  
state  
nation



has a

unique opportunity  
serious challenge  
unparalleled obligation  
glorious chance



to

strike a blow for liberty  
strengthen our American system of justice  
deal four-square with this problem  
face our common future confidently



by

refusing to believe the filthy lies of my enemies  
continuing to give me your trust  
contributing generously to my campaign  
booting crooks like me out of office on Election Day



Everyone knows you can't get away with running a red light or committing murder because there are laws and jail sentences to take care of these major wrongdoings. But what about the lesser things in life—those acts against another human being that are considered minor by the law, but are really major in your own day to day life. Things like having another person steal the parking spot you're about to take or having your mail delivered soaked. For these acts of injustice we think society should start enforcing

12 months or 10,000 hours in a Detroit jail!



...for still having the price sticker on your car three months after you purchased it.

90 days on a farm giving sponge baths to cows!



...for putting a carton of milk containing 2 drops back in the refrigerator.

One year cleaning the cages at the ASPCA!



30

...for allowing your 200 lb. dog to stobber all over anyone who comes into the house.

Six months in chains in a damp, musty basement!



...for pressing all the buttons in an elevator as you're getting off.

\$50 off your bank account's balance!



...for clipping coupons out of newspaper before anyone else in the house has had a chance to read it.

30 days at the Franklin Mint rolling counterfeit pennies!



...for trying to break a \$100 bill at a 25 cent toll booth.

# THE CRACKED PENAL CODE\*

\*Punishments for crimes that aren't, but should be!

Compulsory viewing of a 36 hour Farrah Fawcett Film Festival!



...for loudly discussing the ending of a movie on your way out of the theatre.

Forced wearing of Liberace's old suits!



...for knowing only one song (badly) on the piano and insisting on playing it all night at a party.

One year making license plates in the State Penitentiary!



...for taking up two parking spaces at a shopping center on a rainy day.

Being thrown into a vat of hot, melted butter!



...for deciding you want popcorn in the middle of a movie.

Two years repainting the white line on the San Diego Freeway with a one-inch paint brush!



...for honking within two seconds after the traffic light turns green.

Life imprisonment in solitary confinement with no chance for appeal, parole or Presidential pardon!



...for publishing articles like this in a national magazine.

When you read the job classifieds, every position sounds great. So then why aren't all those positions filled? One reason is that you don't know everything you should know. You

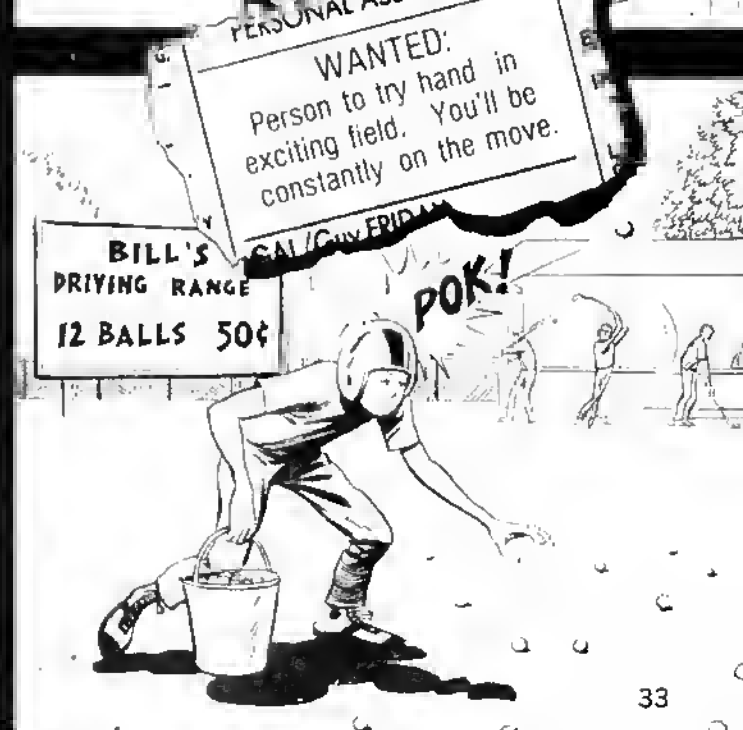
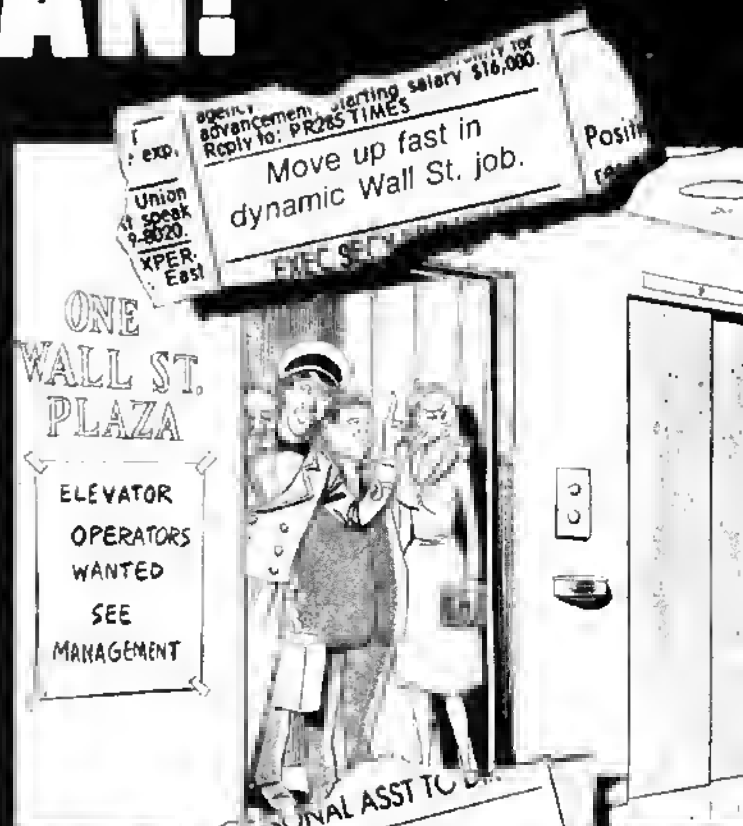
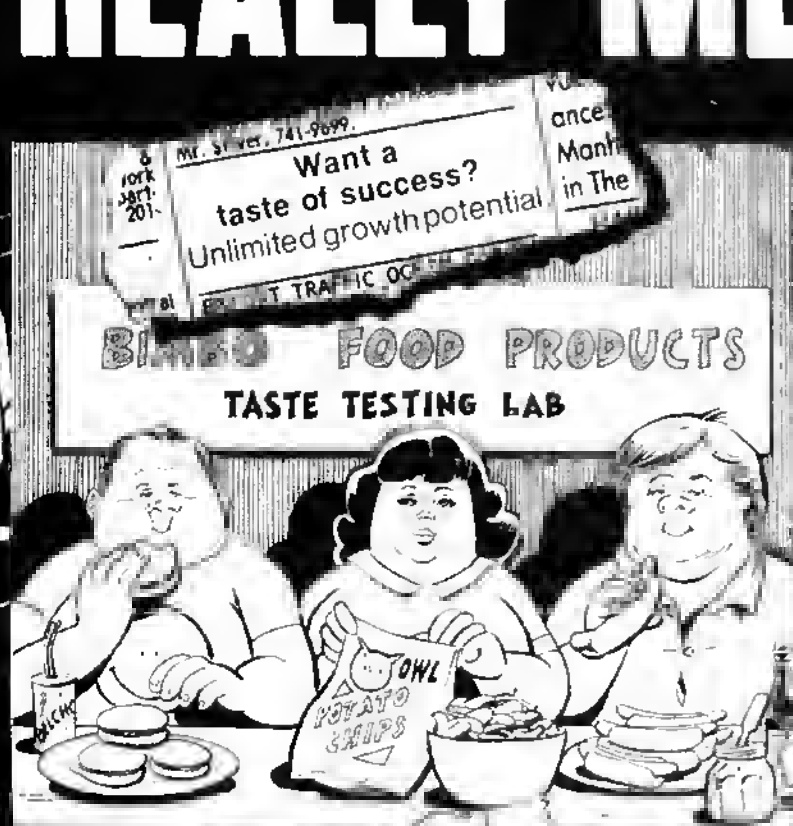
# WHAT "HELP" WANT WHAT THEY

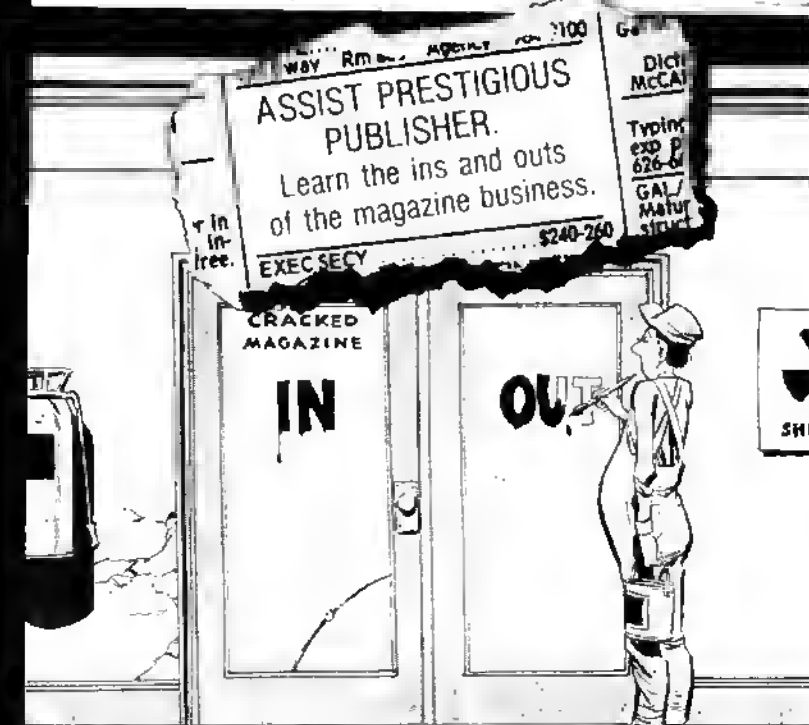




nds like it was made in heaven. But if that was the case,  
on is that these cleverly worded classifieds just don't tell  
ou'll see what we mean as you read

# “WANTED” ADS SAY AND REALLY MEAN!





# LOSER

APRIL  
Fool Issue

**\$1.50**

(Even with this  
price we lose  
money)

## THE MAGAZINE FOR DEADBEATS

• In This Issue •

**I Carried My Bride  
Over The Threshold Of  
Our Honeymoon Suite  
... And Got A Hernia!**

**The Night I Called The  
Suicide Prevention Clinic  
—They Put Me On Hold!**

**101 Ways You Can  
Cheat At Solitaire  
— And Still Lose!**

**A Losing Couple's Lament:  
We Refinanced  
The Mortgage On Our  
Home Thru Bert Lance!**

**8-Page Picture Section  
Of Secretaries Chosen  
By Their Bosses' Wives**

**After A Year Of  
Unemployment,  
I Finally Landed A Job:  
Night Watchman At  
Three-Mile Island**

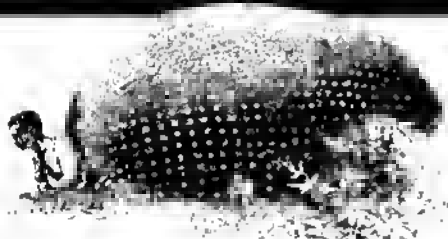
**... And many other  
losing articles.**



**EXCLUSIVE: 16 pages of blank paper.  
(The material got lost on the way to the printer!)**

# LOSER

## THE MAGAZINE FOR DEADBEATS



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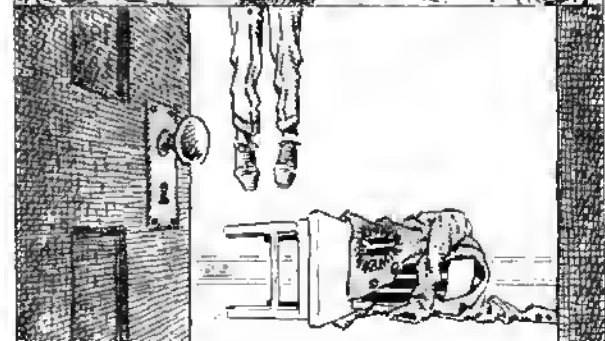
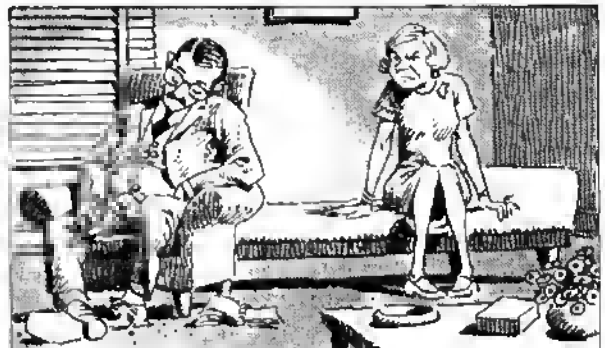
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OUR FIRST AND LAST ISSUE  
(We can't make a go of it!)



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**PRIZE-LOSING FEATURE ARTICLE**

# **I WAS THE WORLD'S BIGGEST LOSER —**

**I didn't even get paid for writing this article!**

**by T. S. Idiot**

**(as told to his psychiatrist)**

I was a loser at everything. I couldn't do a single thing right. Once I was hit by a car, knocked 30 feet away, and was arrested for leaving the scene of an accident! Another time I tried to help an old lady cross the street, and she hit me over the head — thinking I was a mugger! What can I tell you — I'd put my best foot forward and slip on a banana peel!

That's the way it used to go for me. I'd go into the woods with a girl, all set to make out — and get a sudden case of poison ivy! My father once let me have the family car for the evening — I had an accident — and he sued me! Would you believe it — I had a nose job and it grew back!

I grew real desperate. I tried suicide, but even that I goofed up. I tried cutting my throat with an electric razor. Then I ran in front of a parked car. I even tried jumping off the Empire State Building. But, dummy that I am, I jumped from the first floor.

Then it happened. In one shining moment I saw my whole life flash before me. I knew then that I wasn't going to be a loser any more. I was going to make something of my life and be a winner. And so I decided to abandon all my worldly goods and join a religious cult like the Moonies or Hari Krishnas. But you want to hear my luck? I was there two weeks when the head of the cult called my family to come get me back!

Today, I'm still the world's biggest loser. Are you ready for this? I just came home and found my parents have erased my name from my birth certificate!



# TINKERING THE ELOSER

**Question:**  
**As a loser, what**  
**was your most**  
**embarrassing moment?**



**Waldo Finstadder, Rustee, Kans.**  
"I got an award from the National Safety Council last month. Wouldn't you know — on the way up to the podium to accept it, I tripped and broke my leg!"



**Denzil Grovis, Aintno, Mo.**  
"I saw a sign on a men's room wall at the downtown bus terminal. It said 'If you want a good time, call a certain number.' I called that number, my wife answered!"



**Verna Smedley, Wishy, Wash.**  
"A fortune teller told me to avoid airplanes or I'd have a very bad accident. So on my next trip, I took the train. My luck — a plane fell on it!"



**Hobart Frammis, Praisebe, Ala.**  
"In the street one day I found a wallet containing \$300. I immediately turned it over to the police. What happened? They arrested me for being a pickpocket!"



**Seymour Hotchkiss, Ver, Minn.**  
"After a year or so, I finally got up enough nerve to go streaking. I climbed over a fence, took off all my clothes and started running. Would you believe it — I was in a nudist camp!"



**Pula Kinlai, Skeleton, Ky.**  
"To impress my dinner companion, I ordered the entire meal in fluent French. You'd say that was pretty classy, huh? Only I forgot I was in a Chinese restaurant!"

All names have been changed to make them funnier.

# Dear Loser



## ADVICE TO THE LOVE-LOST

I'm a total mess! I hurt all over. I've got aches and pains in every part of my body. I tell you, I'm a complete physical wreck! What should I do?

Frantic

*Dear Frantic,*  
*You should stop worrying — as long as you got your health!*

Nobody cares for me. I haven't a friend in the whole world. I'm so lonely, I could die. Do you think it would help if I got a German Shepherd?

Desperate

*Dear Desperate,*  
*No, those German Shepherds care only for sheep. Get a dog instead!*

Everything I do seems to go wrong. I bet on a horse, it comes in last. I go into the woods, I get stung by a bee. I finish washing my car, it starts to rain. So I decided to commit suicide on New Year's Eve — unless you can help me!

Wits' End

*Dear Wits' End,*  
*Again you goofed! Your letter got lost in the mail — it arrived January the 20th!*

I'm such a loser, I can't relate to anybody at all. That's why I've fallen in love with an Orangutan. What's more, I plan to marry him! What do you say to that?

Distraught

*Dear Distraught,*  
*Nothing. Just make sure it's real love — and not just a physical attraction you feel!*

I'm tired of being a loser. I want to do something big — like break the bank at Monte Carlo! How would I go about doing that?

Fed Up

*Dear Fed Up,*  
*First you get a very large hammer. . .*

## QUIZ

# ARE YOU A TRUE LOSER?

**Take this test and  
find out.**

1. In the restaurant, the waiter spills the soup on your jacket?  
Yes ( ) No ( )
2. When we get to the head of the bumper-to-bumper traffic, we find that it's your car that has stalled?  
Yes ( ) No ( )
3. In the police lineup, it is you that the lady mistakenly picks out as her attacker?  
Yes ( ) No ( )
4. When breaking up a street fight, you're the one who winds up with a broken jaw?  
Yes ( ) No ( )
5. In the Army on Christmas Eve, you're the one assigned to guard duty for the night?  
Yes ( ) No ( )
6. On New Year's Eve in Times Square, do the police pick you up for loitering?  
Yes ( ) No ( )
7. Are you the one who gets to the box office a minute after the prices change?  
Yes ( ) No ( )
8. When we get to the bottom of the football game pileup, it is your body we find lying there in a broken heap?  
Yes ( ) No ( )
9. After seeing a movie, do you wait at the side door waiting for the star to come out?  
Yes ( ) No ( )
10. Tell the truth — do you still buy things retail?  
Yes ( ) No ( )

### SCORING

If you answered 3 of these questions Yes, you're not such a loser after all. If you answered 8 of these questions Yes, you really are a bonafide loser. If you answered more than 10 questions Yes, not only are you a real loser — but you can't even add — as there are only 10 questions.

FOR THE LOSER WHO HAS EVERYTHING...

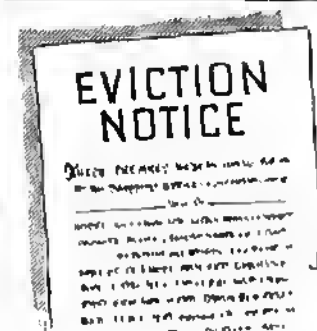
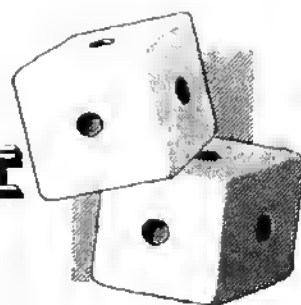


## LOSING POKER HAND

A ready-made setup  
for that weekly game  
with the boys!

## ALL SNAKE- EYES DICE

Throw them anytime —  
they always come  
up a loser!

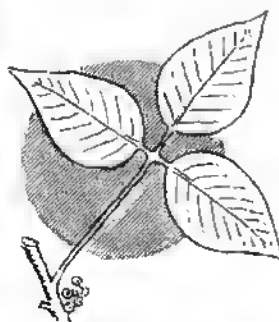
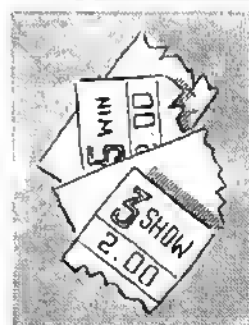


## Eviction Notice

Just fill in your name and address  
(former address, that is!)

## LOSING OFF-TRACK BETTING TICKETS

Already torn in half in disgust.



## REAL POISON IVY PLANT

Easy to rub on any  
part of the body.

### Each Item

(Please add \$896.00 per item for postage —  
we mail them from Mongolia)

**Losing Novelty Co.**

**Fiven, Tenn.**

## LOSER OF THE MONTH



Osgood Ferndip  
Veree, III.

For opening the front door of his new home and having the good-luck horseshoe fall down and hit him on the head!

(Note: This honor is posthumously awarded.)

## 5 EXCITING VACATIONS FOR LOSERS



- 3 weeks in sunny **UGANDA**
- A cruise along the **BERMUDA TRIANGLE**
- 21 Days in downtown **IRAN**
- A weekend at **THREE-MILE ISLAND**
- Overnight in the **EAST BRONX**

At bargain prices you can't afford to pass up even if you're a winner!

## LOSER TRAVEL BUREAU

Island No. 711

Thousand Islands

A Non-Profit Organization  
(It just turns out that way)

# CONTEST

## Find A Name For This Loser



(So we can tell him to get lost)  
(during the hurricane season)

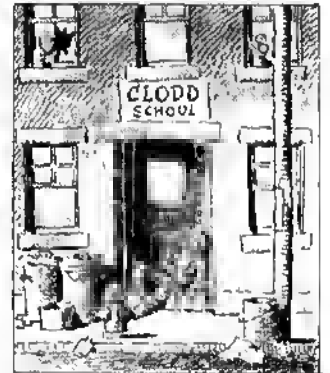


**WINNER WILL RECEIVE AN  
ALL-EXPENSE-PAID TRIP  
TO KEY WEST**

Address all entries to Contest Editor, in care of this magazine, no later than midnight, December 31, 1980 — as that's when we have to return him to the asylum!

*Learn to be an even bigger loser!*  
*Enroll today in the*

## CLODD SCHOOL FOR LOSERS



OOLAH, LA.

Founded 1812  
(Lost again 1813)

We teach these exciting courses:

- How to lose gracefully at Russian Roulette.
- How to put on your shoes and socks in the morning — in that order
- How to get a cavity in your false teeth
- How to gain weight
- How to get a failing mark on all these courses

*Write today — before our lease expires*

## IN NEXT ISSUE



- I Won On The Dating Game — And Got Stood Up!
  - How I Robbed A Bank In New York City — And Got Mugged On The Way To The Getaway Car!
  - The Winetaster Who Got Fired For Drinking On The Job!
- And other losing articles!

On Sale Soon If we ever make the deadline!



# HELP SYLVESTER FIGHT INFLATION!

**WE ARE REDUCING CRACKED'S SUBSCRIPTION PRICE!  
YOU GET ONE ISSUE FREE! WE DON'T KNOW HOW LONG  
WE CAN MAKE THIS OFFER! SO, SUBSCRIBE TODAY!**



## **BUY 8 ISSUES AND GET ONE FREE!**

CRACKED SUBSCRIPTION DEPT.  
235 PARK AVE. SOUTH  
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10003

Here's another six dollars for my friend. He hates inflation too! Send him 9 issues.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_  
STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

This offer only good for U.S.A. and Canada.  
Others: \$7.00 for 9 issues.

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ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
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STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

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Outside U.S.A. - \$7.00\*

\* Canada and others outside the U.S.A. must pay with a check drawn on a U.S.A. bank or by International Money Order. Allow 10 weeks for subscription to be processed.

# CRACKED SONGS

## BROKEN MOTOR OPERA (Sung to: "I Can't Get No Satisfaction")

I can't get no — warp drive action.  
I can't get no — chain reaction.  
Well, I tried  
Overdrive  
And I blew out Warp 5.  
Engines don't go,  
Engines don't go.

When I'm spinning through outer space  
And a man comes on the Video,  
He's telling me to try the choke,  
But I can't use the choke cause the motor's broke.  
I can't get no vroom, vroom, vroom Putter sput  
No warp drive action,  
No chain reaction.

Then I turn on the viewing screen  
And I don't even see an asteroid,  
And my nuclear fuel is turning into gruel,  
And I'm drifting in the endless void.  
I can't get no vroom, vroom, vroom Putter, sput  
I can't get no boom, boom, boom I'm kaput.  
No warp drive action  
No chain reaction!



## LAMENT OF THE INSECURE ALIEN (Sung to: "If I Only Had a Brain")

I would be exhilarated  
If my head was not serrated,  
And my nose was in its place.  
Though I've powers a-plenty,  
I would not feel sad and empty  
If I only had a face.

I would not be just a Tribble,  
My mouth a hollow dribble.  
My head looks like a vase  
I could see through my eyeballs  
'Stead of peering through my elbows  
If I only had a face.

Oh, I  
Can even fly  
In zero gravity.  
I can breathe on both the land and in the sea,  
But I can't kiss  
No lips.

Oh, I'd like to have a nose job,  
And some eyebrows and some ears on,  
And some wrinkles I could trace.  
I'd be the happiest of creatures  
If I only had some features,  
If I only had a face!

# FROM OUTER SPACE

# THE CELESTIAL BUSINESSMAN'S BLUES (Sung to: "On Broadway")

They say my hotel's bound to fail, on Pluto.  
They say I should have built a jail, on Pluto.  
But I don't care how they complain,  
At least this planet has no rain,  
And I just know I'll make a gain, on Pluto.

They say that I am too far out, on Pluto.  
They're all afraid they'll catch the gout, on Pluto.  
But they don't know, I've got a plan:  
I'll build a Pluto Disneyland,  
And rent some condominiums, on Pluto.

They say there's too much ice and snow, on Pluto.  
They say the tourist trade won't go, on Pluto.  
But you can see that they're all wrong,  
Cause you can ski here all year long.  
And now they're coming here in throngs to Pluto!



# THE GALAXY CONSERVATION BALLAD

(Sung to: "Yesterday")

Space debris.  
What a mess I see in front of me.  
There's a sputnik dumped in '63,  
Oh, I can't stand this space debris.

Rocket shells,  
And these burnt-out satellites as well,  
Guess where all the old explorers felt?  
Oh, I'm awash in space debris.

Now the stratosphere is just a metal clump,  
And the Milky Way looks like a garbage dump.

What a bog.  
All the stars are dim with stellar smog.  
It's enough to make your engines clog.  
Oh, I can't stand this space debris!



# UNIVERSAL M. D. BLUES

(Sung to: "Oh What a Beautiful Morning")

Oh, some doctors just practice on people  
And some doctors just practice on dogs  
But a doctor in space  
Has a terrible pace  
And I get more confused with each case that I face.

Oh, what a sickly Venusian,  
Oh, what a strange purple spleen,  
How can I give a transfusion?  
When he has blood that is green!

Oh, I've learned to transplant an antenna  
And I've learned how to keep his tongue blue.  
And I've learned how to treat  
All those corns on webbed feet,  
But then what can I do when his leaf have the flu?

Oh, what a sickly Venusian,  
Oh, what an odd wavy nose.  
How can I mend this confusion?  
If I don't know where it goes?



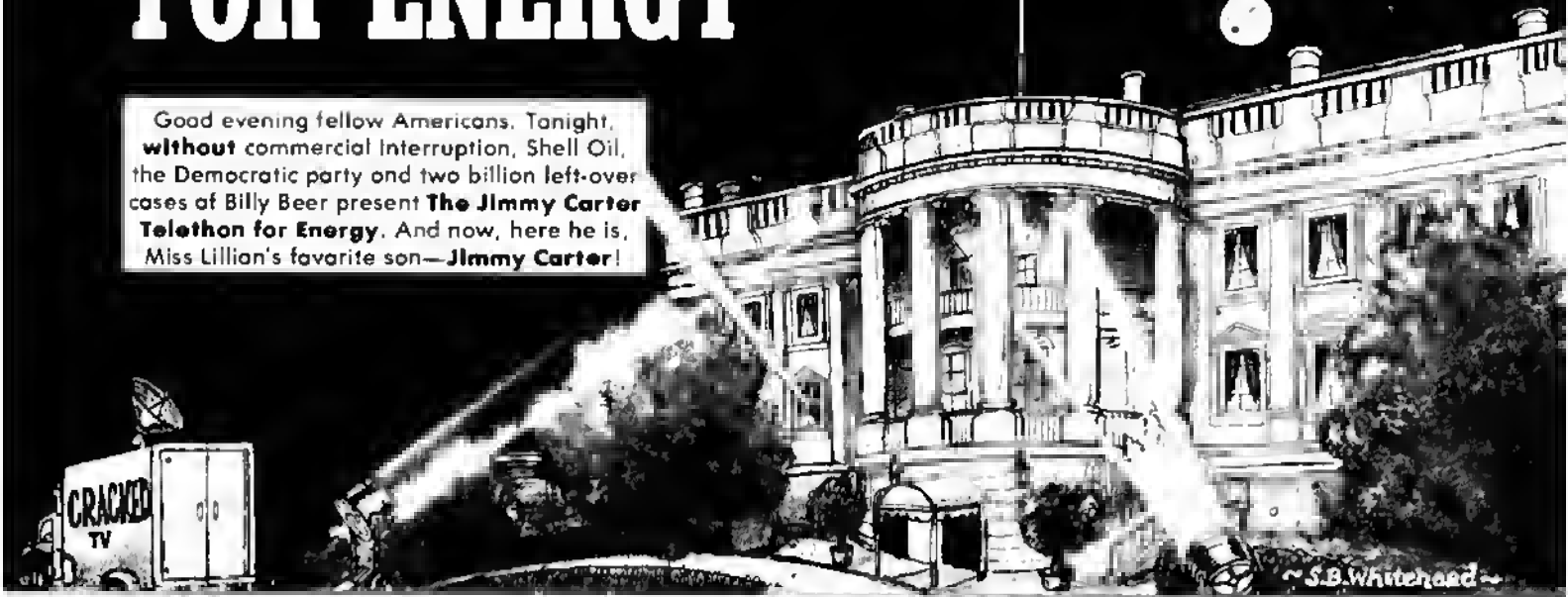




When America has a problem what does it usually do?—Na, it doesn't always write to Ann Londers.—it appeals to her citizens and asks for their support. Then, the people of this great land do all they can to help saive the crisl. Well, friends, we're in the mldst of another one of those crisl right now. And to help saive this biggle, we thaught it might be wise if besides asking for everyone's help, we also presented

# JIMMY CARTER'S TELETHON FOR ENERGY

Good evening fellow Americans. Tonight, **without commercial Interruption**, Shell Oil, the Democratic party and two billion left-over cases of Billy Beer present **The Jimmy Carter Telethon for Energy**. And now, here he is, Miss Lillian's favorite son—**Jimmy Carter!**



Good evening. Golly, it's good to be an **notional television** for a change without a whole lot of **reporters** asking a whole lot of **emborrossing questions** about my lotest sure-fire plan for salving **Inflation**. No, this evening we're addressing ourselves to a whole different foul-up...ah, **problem!**



As you know, America is in the midst of a severe **energy crisl**, and tonight I'm taking time out from my **busy** schedule of not **compaigning** to hald this telethon which is trying to raise **one billion gallons of needed energy**. Its hald turn this **problem** into just a minor **dilemma**.



This time, we're not asking you to dig **down deep** and send us **money**—although if you have some spare change you wanna throw to **Amy** here for lunch...No, this evening we're asking you to **phone in** and **pledge** some of those **natural resources** that you might have lying around the house—that extra **volt of electricity**—a small **barrel** of oil—that **unneeded** gallon of **gas**.



Well, we've been on the air for over five minutes now, so let's check our giant tote board—drum roll please.



Ah, wait! This is a seeded roll. But the total to date is a whopping three gallons of energy.



Ah, Jimmy...

Well, hello Dolly! A big hand please for Miss Dolly Parton.

Jimmy, a man just telegraphed that he's going door-to-door right now trying to persuade people to switch from wasteful electrically-powered appliances to some battery-operated ones he's invented.

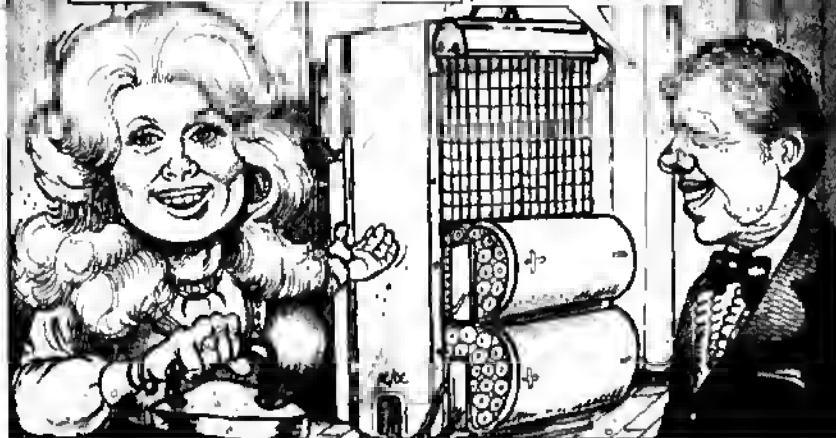


See this Iron? It uses no electricity. Neither does this refrigerator.

Why that means people could be saving 2 gallons of oil a day for every refrigerator that was converted. Instead of spending 18¢ a day on electricity, all a person would need to run this appliance is...

1100 D-sized Duracell batteries.

Oh. Nice try, guy.



And you know how, on all them other telethons, they show you victims who, despite their problems, are making do and attempting to walk? Well, this one is no different.



Because tonight, right on our stage, we've got ten—count 'em—ten business executives and congressmen all out of their limousines and walking to work—a true miracle!

Look mo! I'm walking!



CRACKED is destroying the back pages of a book so you can have your appendix out!

And now let's check our **10,000 volt** electric toteboard for the latest total...Hey, we're **up to three gollons** of energy. Thank you America.

0 0 0 0 0 3



Ah, Jimmy. There's a **phone call** for you.

It's not that **Kennedy** fellow asking for another **debate**?

No, **Amy** has him on **hold** on another line.



Yes?

Mr. President?...I heard about your **telethan**, and I'd like to donate a **watt**.

What? That's right.

What's right?

**Watt** is right, sir. In fact, you can have **all the watts**.

All what?



And while Jimmy is finishing up with that latest **pledge**, I think it's time to give you some **phone numbers**. To reach us in the **east**, just dial **1**. In the **south and west**, dial **2**, and if you're an **Arab** leader with a **conscience**, you can dial **tail free** on Jimmy's **private red phone**. Just dial area code **115-754-5544** and ask for the **President**.



I'm back and here with me now is that great singer himself, Mr. **Kenny Rodgers**. We enjoyed having you perform at the **House** the other night, **Kenny**.

My pleasure. Although, it did get a little **sickening** doing "**Georgio On My Mind**" 6 times in a row.

It's just a **favorite** of **Rosalynn's** and mine.

And speaking at **favorites** and **fovors**, I'd like to **donate a gollon of gas** for the **Presidential plane**.



Why thank you.

By the way, is it true that everytime you fly from **Washington** to **Plains** you burn enough fuel to heat **28,000** homes?

**Rumors, Kenny. Rumors!** And besides, I've been taking a **Greyhound Bus** last 2 times out. They now have a special **Presidential discount fare**.



And now a word from a man who's been **suffering** along with the rest of us during this recent crisis. The **president** of the **Hexed-On Oil Company**—Mr. **Ben Goodfarus**.

Thank you Jimmy. Since 1978, we've been trying to find ways of getting people to **drive less**. Did you know that some actually go as much as **1/10 of a mile** out of their way just to save a **measly 8 or 10c** on a gollon of gas? Well, thanks to the **petroleum campanies** of **Americo**, we think we've eliminated that **needless driving**.





How's that? Lost month we banded together and agreed on a **fixed price** so that now we **all companies** can get you for the some **ridiculous amount** no matter **where** you try and go. Now **that's** progress, Jimmy.

That's America!

Mr. President?

Yes, average **Brooklyn** resident. Are you willing to make a **sacrifice** to help this country become **less dependant** on **foreign oil**?

**Iran**...I mean **I am**. Instead of going to bed at 1 a.m., every night I've pledged to hit the sack at 8:00 so I can get up **olly** the next day.

We thank you, kind, but obviously **demented** person.

IT'S OK. I THINK IT'S ONE OF HIS COUSINS!

WHO'S THAT?

Good news, Jimmy.

It's **Dolly Parton** ladies and gentlemen.

You **already** did that.

Anyway, **thirty** residents of **Marin County** in **California** have agreed to help you out tonight by trading in their **Cadillac Sevillas**—which only get **11 milas** to a gallon—for **Bulek Rivleras** which get a whopping **12**!

Well, thank you one and all for your **sacrifices**.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT ALL THE **FUSS** IS ABOUT **HER** FIGURE!

And folks, later on tonight my **economic** advisor will be here **live** giving you the latest **Inflationary price** increases on all the things you use in your daily lives. Then all of you out there can **turn off** your **heat** and save **preslous oil** as you get **intarmed up** with what it's **begs** naturally.

Ah, Jimmy. Ladies and gentlemen, **Dolly Parton**!!

Enough Jimmy. Don't blow the **few friends** the polls show you still have. Anyway, as I was saying: Mr. **Ernie "Ironjaw" McStassen** has come by to do his part tonight.

the...



Mr. President, since your appeal started, I been goin' **round town collectin** old engines so that you can **droln** the **oil** from each and **recycle** it.

Why that's **wonderful!**... Dirty, but wonderful. Where'd this one come from so that we might ocknowledge its owner too.

Oh, this one came from some **llmo** parked out frant. I oin't quite **sure** of the **owner's name** because no one was there when I **lifted** it from...I mean when it was **donated** from the cor.

I KNOW...  
TOO MANY  
ENGINES  
AND NOT  
ENOUGH  
CHIEFS!

(BACKED is thinking the fastest animal always wins because he's a Chevrolet)

Jimmy, I know we're on the air, but our limousine's engine's been...

I know. Wanno send in the **secret service** and **FBI** so they can **thn** Mr. Ironjow here and **accept** his donation.

You mean this is... Well, wouldn't you like to contribute a little **something** to the cause, I mean...

Excuse me, but **which one** of you is **Jimmy?**...I've come because we in **Miami Beach** ore conserving energy by using old **Sol** to heat our hot water.

You're using **Solar Energy?** Very wise.

Whot Solar? ...Sol!...

...**Sol Mendelson!**!! He's got a **fire place** and **heats up** water for all the other **tenants** in the **building** instead of us having to use our **hot water heaters**.

Well, after **8 hours** on the air, I think it's time to check our **tote board** again—**drum roll please!**

**Dolly**, I can't understand why we still haven't **tapped** five gallons.

Because it seems the people out there really **are** saving energy, Jimmy.

Great! But how?

At 8:00, instead of **wosting** useless electricity watching you, everyone in America **turned off** their **T.V. sets**.

Thank you America!

**CANTER'S ENT**

# SHUT-UPS



Samedoy, Little Breeze,  
all this will be yours...  
these islands and all  
the waters around them.



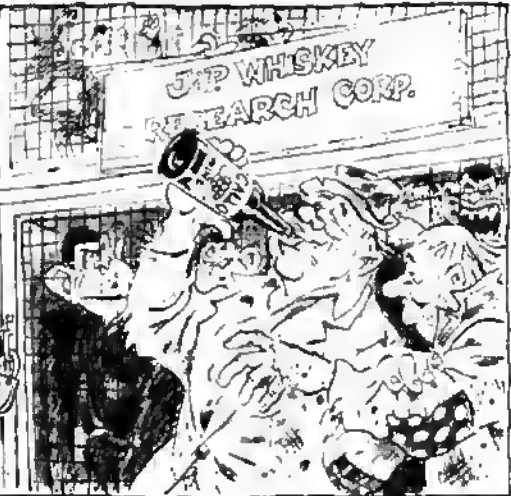
Shut-up, Chief. I claim these islands  
for the King and Queen of Spain!



Doctor, look how happy  
they become just over  
a little cheap wine!



SHUT-UP! We're  
supposed to experiment  
with monkeys...



J&P WHISKY  
RESEARCH CORP.

## HOW TO USE YOUR CRACKED IRON-ON

It can be used on T-Shirts, sweatshirts, jackets, bedspreads, pillowcases, the back flap of your long johns or just about anywhere.

All seriousness aside, it'll work on almost any fabric, although Polyester and Polyester Blends do work the best. AVOID use on heavily nepped fabrics.

OUR GIFT TO YOU!

### DIRECTIONS

1. Roll the dice and move the amount of spaces... whoops... sorry, wrong directions.
1. Remove Iron-On page carefully from magazine.
2. Using a dry iron at WOOL temperature setting, test a scrap of the fabric you wish to use to make sure it can take this degree of heat. IF YOU'RE ONE OF OUR YOUNGER READERS, HAVE AN ADULT HELP!
3. Position Iron-On face down on the fabric. Pin Iron-On to fabric to avoid movement.
  - A. Cover Iron-On with sheet of light-weight paper.
4. Press iron down, and firmly but gently move iron back and forth while counting slowly to 60. Be sure to press iron evenly over the entire page. Remove page from fabric.

This Iron-On can be used more than once. Simply follow the same directions but hold the iron down on the fabric a little longer.

**OF T-SHIRT  
SEE BACK**

**OF T-SHIRT  
SEE FRONT**



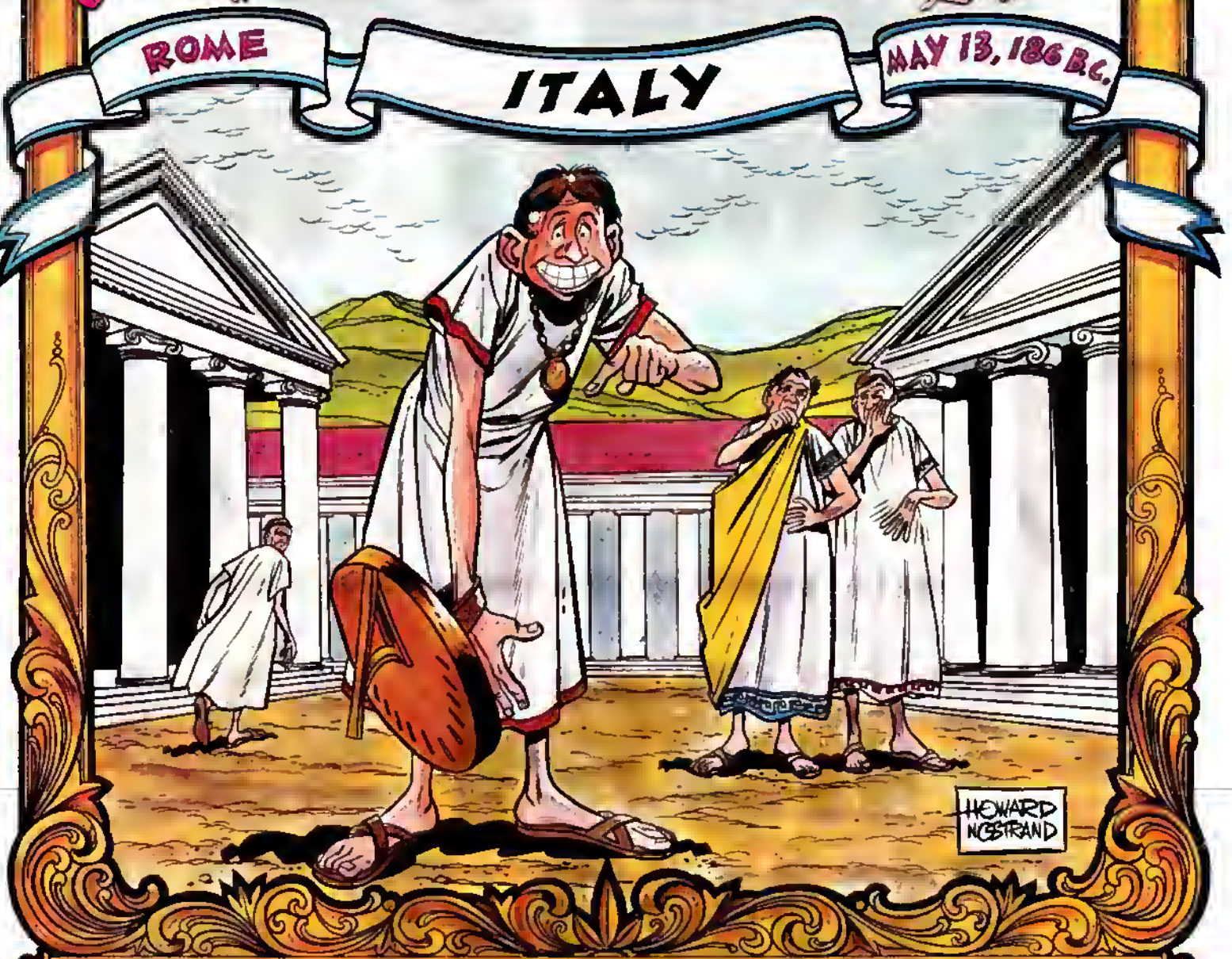
# GREAT MOMENTS

IN TECHNOLOGY

ROME

ITALY

MAY 13, 186 B.C.



MARCUS BULOVAS  
INVENTS THE  
WRISTWATCH.